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PLEASING TALES,

— FOR —

*CHILDREN.*

— PART II. —

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*L O N D O N.*

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PLEASING TALES,

FOR

CHILDREN.

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PART II.  
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*Matilda.*

**I** WENT down to Windsor on a visit to a lady, who instils such excellent principles into her children as justified the choice that was lately made of her to superintend the education of a certain august family. We were all engaged in innocent amusement, when a furious storm began to rise: the thunder rolled above us with a dreadful noise, and shook the house to its foundation, while

the lightning seemed as if it would consume the dwelling every moment. One young lady of the company could not help being frightened: there were heard cries and shrieks proceeding from a chamber-maid in one of the apartments. In the midst of this confusion, little Matilda disappeared. Her noble mother, who was passing from one chamber to another, saw her kneeling in a corner. The mother cried: "What are you about there, my dear child?" Matilda answered, "Oh, nothing, nothing." The mother cried: "Are you frightened at the storm?" Matilda answered, "Oh no, mamma, you have instructed me yourself, if you remember, not to fear thunder; and you just now saw I was not in the least afraid." The mother said, "And why then were you kneeling?" Matilda answered, "I observed Eliza



tremble; I heard Kitty cry, and that made me unhappy. I was praying therefore for them, and for every one that is afraid of thunder."

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*The Chimney-Sweeper.*

A SILLY servant maid had possessed the imagination of her master's children with tales of spirits, and particularly of a black-faced goblin as she called it. Antonia, one of the children, for the first time in her life beheld a chimney-sweeper knocking at her father's door. She made a lamentable outcry, and betook herself for refuge to the first apartment that she found open, which apartment was the kitchen. Scarcely had she hid herself behind a table, when the

black-faced man came in, as if, in her imagination, he had meant to follow her: this frightened her a second time, and up she ran into a pantry, higher than the kitchen floor by half a dozen steps, and not a great way from the fireplace, where she thought she should be safe from danger in a corner. She had scarcely, however, come to herself, when suddenly she heard the frightful fellow singing in the chimney, and with a brush and scraper making all the while a rattling noise against the bricks about him. Being seized with terror, she jumped up, and leaping through a window which was rather low, into the garden, ran towards an arbour at the bottom of it, where she fell, almost void of motion, close behind a tree.—Though she had changed her situation by so great a dis-





tance, yet scarcely did she venture to look about her, when by chance she saw the black-faced man appear again, and wave his brush about him at the top of the chimney. On this, Antonia almost split her throat with crying out help! help! Her father heard the cry, and running towards the arbour, asked what ailed her, that she cried out so? Antonia had not strength sufficient to articulate a single word, and therefore keeping silence, pointed to the place where Grim was then sitting astride and flourishing his brush. Her father smiled, and, to convince her what small cause she had for terror, waited till the chimney-sweeper was come down; he then bade him be called and cleaned a little in Antonia's presence; after which, without explaining matters any further, he sent for the barber, who it happened was then wait-

ing for him, and who consequently had his face all over white with powder. She was heartily ashamed of having feared so much without occasion, and her father took this opportunity of giving her to understand, that there were whole nations in a certain quarter of the globe, all over black by nature, but not therefore to be dreaded by white children: since these last were in another country, generally nursed by women purchased of those nations, without losing any of their whiteness. Ever afterwards, Antonia was the first to laugh at silly stories, told by silly people.

*The Blacksmith.*

A GENTLEMAN of fortune passing very late one night before a blacksmith's habitation, was surprised to see him busy at his forge, and had the curiosity to ask what reason he could have for working thus at midnight: "I do not work for myself," replied the blacksmith, "but for a neighbour here of mine, who has unfortunately been burnt out. I rise two hours before the usual time of labour every morning, and continue working two hours after at least, and sometimes longer, as is now the case: and this I do that I may help him. Thus I work every day four hours extraordinary, which amounts to two days in the course of a week, and the earnings of those two days I can yield to him.

Thank Heaven, at this time of the year there is work enough; and while I have but strength, it is my duty to assist the unhappy."---"This is very generous, my good friend, on your part," said the gentleman, "as I suppose your neighbour never will be able to repay your kindness." "Truly, Sir, I fear he will not; but I fear it on his account alone, not mine: however, I am sure he would rejoice to do as much for me, were I in his condition."

At these words, the gentleman, not wishing to intrude upon the blacksmith any longer, wished him a good night and went away. Upon the morrow, having put into his purse a note for twenty pounds, which he could afford to give away, he went out and meant to leave it with the blacksmith, whose bene-



fidence he had resolved to recompence, by putting it in his power to buy whatever metal he might want at the cheapest market, to undertake more business, and to lay by a little from his labour to support him in old age. But what was his surprise, when the blacksmith bade him take his money back again: "I cannot lay it out," said he, "because I have not earned it. I can well afford to pay for all the iron that I use, and if ever I should be in want of more, the merchant would supply me with it on my note. It would be absolute ingratitude in me to take that profit from him which he is used to make upon his goods, when he has never hesitated to supply me with as much as I could ask, even when I had no other coat than that upon my back; but you may make a better use, Sir, of this mouey, if you lend it, free

of interest, to my unhappy neighbour. He might then recover his affairs, and I sleep my belly full."---The gentleman not being able to prevail upon the blacksmith to accept his offer, followed the advice that he gave him, and was highly gratified in thinking that he had made two happy, when at first his generosity had wished to serve one only.

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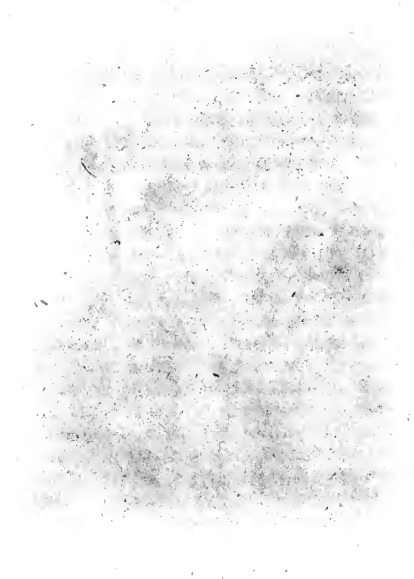
*The Dirty Boots,*

JACOBUS, proud of his high birth, was not content with inwardly despising every one inferior to himself in point of fortune, but presumed to take such airs upon him, as evinced the scorn with which he viewed them. As it happened, one day he saw his father's footman cleaning shoes! "Foh! what a filthy

business!" cried he, as he passed him, turning up his nose :---"for all the world I would not be a shoeblack."---"Very likely," said John, "and I, for my part, hope that I shall never be your shoeblack."---All the last week's weather had been very bad, but now it was grown clear and bright; on which account, young Jacobus received his father's permission to take a ride on horseback. Now the promise of this ride afforded him the greater pleasure, as the day before, when he had been out, he was hindered by a heavy shower of rain from going far. However, he had been already far enough to splash his boots from top to bottom, and they were not yet quite dry:---Transported with the thoughts of his ride, he ran down to John, who was at breakfast in the kitchen, and with an imperious tone of voice,

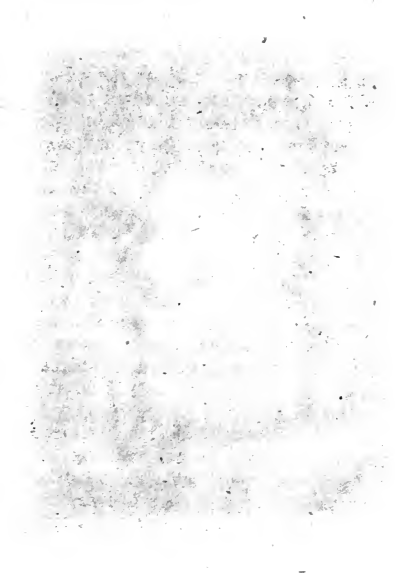
eried out, "John, John! I am going out on horseback, run and clean my boots! do you hear me?" John pretended that he did not, and continued at his breakfast quite composedly.---In vain Jacobus put himself into a passion, and called him many wrong names: John contented himself with answering him very calmly: "I have told you, Sir, if you recollect, that I hoped never to become your shoeblack."

In the mean time, Jacobus, seeing he could not, in spite of all his menaces, prevail upon John to do as he desired, returned full of rage, and made complaint about him to his father. Mr. Railton could not comprehend why John refused a business that belonged to his employment, and which hitherto he had performed without expecting orders for that purpose; so he sent to speak a little











with him, and was told of the affair. His conduct was fully approved by Mr. Railton, who not only blamed his son, but told him that he might go and clean his boots himself, or stay at home, whichever he thought proper. He forbade the other servants to assist him in this business: "You will learn, Sir," added he, "how filthy it is to look with scorn on services that contribute to our comfort and convenience; services, the rigour of which you should rather strive to soften by a gentleness of manners in yourself.--Therefore, since a shoe-black's trade is so disgraceful, be so kind as to ennoble it, by being for the future your own shoe-black."---Such a sentence turned his promised pleasure into sorrow; he was very eager for a ride on horseback, as it was such fine weather; but, to clean his boots himself! he could

not stoop to such an office: on the other hand, his pride would not permit him to stoop so low as the condition laid upon him. On the next day John resumed his office without bidding, and the humble Jacobus, having exercised it once, would never afterwards gratify his pride by vilifying what was in itself so useful.



*If men do not see you, God sees you.*

A GENTLEMAN was walking in the country one fine warm day in harvest time, with his youngest son Frank.---  
 "Papa," said Frank, looking wishfully towards a garden, by the side of which they were walking, "I am very dry."  
 "And I am too my dear," answered the father, "but we must have patience until we go home."

*Frank.*—There is a pear tree loaded with very fine fruit: they are Windsor pears, ah! with what pleasure I could eat one.

*Father.*—I do not doubt it; but that tree is in a private garden.

*Frank.*—The hedge is not very thick, and here is a hole where I can easily get through.

*Father.*—And what would the owner of the garden say, if he should be there?

*Frank.*—Oh! he is not there, I dare say, and no one will see us.

*Father.*—You mistake, child! there is One who sees us, and who would punish us, and justly too, because it would be wicked to do what you propose.

*Frank.*—Who is that, Father?

*Father.*—He who is every where present, who never loses sight of us a moment, and who sees to the very bottom of our thoughts; that is, God.

*Frank.*—Ah! it is very true, I shall not think of the pears any more.

Just then a man stood up behind the hedge, whom they could not see before, because he had been sitting down on a grassy slope. It was an old man, the owner of the garden, who spoke thus to Frank: “Return thanks to God, my child, that your father hindered you from stealing into my garden, and coming to take what does not belong to you. Know, that at the foot of each tree there is a trap laid to catch thieves, where you certainly would have been caught, and perhaps have lamed yourself for ever.---But since, at the first word of the prudent lesson given you by your father, you have shown a fear of God, and did no longer insist on the theft that you intended, I will with pleasure give you some of the fruits you wished to taste.”---At

these words, he went up to the finest pear tree, shook it, and brought back his hat full of pears to Frank.

His father would have taken money out of his purse, to pay this civil old man, but could not prevail on him to accept any: "I have had a satisfaction, Sir, in obliging your son, which I should lose were I to be paid for it: God alone repays such actions."

His father shook hands with him over the hedge, and Frank thanked him too in a very manly manner; but he showed a still more lively gratitude in the hearty appetite he appeared to have for the pears, which did indeed quite run over with juice. "That seems to be a very good man," said Frank to his father, after he had finished the last, and they had got a good distance from the old man.

*Father.*—Yes, my dear; and he is so, no doubt, because his heart was convinced of this great truth, that God never fails to reward good actions and chastise evil ones.

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*A Similar Tale.*

WHEN I was as little as you, and lived at my father's, we had two neighbours, one on the right, the other on the left hand of our house: their names were Dobson and Vicars; one also of them had a son named Gamaliel, and the other one named Simon: Behind our house and our neighbours', were small gardens, separated at that time by quick-set hedges. Simon, when alone in his father's garden, amused himself by throwing stones into all the gardens

round about, never once thinking that he might hurt somebody.---A gentleman observing this, reprimanded him severely for it, threatening to chastise him if ever he did so again. But unhappily this child knew not, or did not believe, that one should not do amiss even when alone, because God is always near us, and sees whatever we do. One day when his father was gone out, and thinking that no one could see him, and therefore that he should not be punished, he filled his pocket with stones, and began pelting them all round him. Just at the same time, Gamaliel's father was in his garden with his son. Gamaliel's father had a gun charged, to shoot at sparrows that came picking his cherries, and he was sitting in the summer-house watching them.---At this moment, a servant came to tell him that a strange gentleman want-

ed him in the parlour; he therefore left the gun in the summer-house, and expressly forbid Gamaliel to touch it. This boy had the misfortune to think, as well as Simon, that it was enough not to do amiss before others, and that when alone he might do as he pleased. So when his father was gone he said to himself, "I don't see what harm there would be in playing with this gun a little;" and saying thus he took up the gun, and began exercising like a soldier. He handled his arms, and rested his firelock, and had a mind to try if he could make ready and present. The muzzle of his gun happened to be pointed towards a neighbour's garden, and just as he was going to shut his left eye, in order to take aim, a pebble stone thrown by Simon, struck him in the very eye. His fright and the pain together, made Gamaliel





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drop the gun, which went off; and, oh! what cries and shrieks were heard in both gardens. Simon received the whole charge of the gun in his left leg. Thus, one lost his eye, and the other remained a cripple all the remaining part of his life.

*Frank.*—Ah! poor Simon! poor Gamaliel! how I pity them!

*Father.*—They were, it is true, very much to be pitied; but their parents still more so, for having children so disobedient and vicious.

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### *Obstinacy.*

**OBSTINACY** is a vice we should do well to correct ourselves of, as soon as possible. Jeffery the miller, knows enough of the evils which arise from it;

his daughter Patty is a pretty girl, but her disposition was so perverse and obstinate, that the poor man had no peace or enjoyment of his life. Whatever she took it into her head to say, she would persist in; and of course no one liked to take the trouble of disputing with her. One day she was invited, with her sister Mary, to a neighbouring village, where they were to have a charming holiday; but unfortunately in their road they were to pass through a wood. At the entrance of this wood were two different roads. Mary, who knew the way, told her sister which they should take. Oh! no, said Patty, you are wrong, this is the way, I am quite sure," and then, according to custom, she insisted that she was right.---"Very well then," said Mary, "since you will not be persuaded, I wish you a pleasant walk, but

for my part, I shall take the road I have shown you."---Here they parted.---Mary soon arrived, without any difficulty, at the village; while the unfortunate Patty was wandering about in the woods, fatigued, alarmed, and regretting, no doubt, her obstinacy. This is not all; night came on, and she found her difficulties much greater. In order to listen whether any help was near, or see if she could discover any light, she climbed up a very high bank. Alas! a part of the bank gave way, and Patty rolled down into the mud. She was considerably hurt by her fall; frightened and unable to rise, she lay the whole night on the ground, suffering from pain, hunger, fear and regret. But how terrible were the apprehensions of good Jeffery, when Mary returned from the village without her sister! Mary ex-

pected to have found her at home: they were both very much alarmed for her fate, and waited in the greatest agitation for the morning. At last morning came; the first rays of light gave the melancholy Patty courage enough to rise; she climbed up an old tree, that she might be enabled to discover whereabouts she was, and from the tree saw the mill, her father's habitation, at a small distance.--- Full of repentance, with great difficulty she reached her home; threw herself at the feet of her affectionate parent, and promised she would never be obstinate again. Mary tenderly embraced her, and I do not believe that to this day, she has ever forgotten the dreadful night she passed in the wood.

THE END.

